

Cherry Pop (Don't Leave a Drop)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11750262) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11750262>.

Rating:

Explicit

Archive Warning:

No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:

M/M

Fandom:

방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS

Relationships:

Jeon Jungkook/Jung Hoseok | J-Hope/Min Yoongi | Suga, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope/Min Yoongi | Suga, Jeon Jungkook/Min Yoongi | Suga, Jeon Jungkook/Jung Hoseok | J-Hope

Characters:

Min Yoongi | Suga, Jeon Jungkook, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope

Additional Tags:

Dom/sub Undertones, Threesome - M/M/M, First Time, Anxiety, Sexual Tension, Lowkey Feminization, Praise Kink, Degradation, Dirty Talk, This is filthy im sorry, lapslock, Hyung Kink, Coming Untouched, Fluff

Language:

English

Series:

Part 2 of [like how the earth loves the moon loves the sun](#)

Stats:

Published: 2017-08-09 Words: 12,377 Chapters: 1/1

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by [friendly9host](#) ([orphan_account](#))

Summary

initially, he hadn't caught any of the implications. yoongi's slick "*my parents won't be back 'til late on sunday...*" and hoseok's subsequent, "*yeah we can watch movies...and stuff.*" (both delivered with crooked smiles) seemed as friendly as ever. just his hyungs being lovely and wonderful and inclusive.

so, initially, he hadn't taken the time to catch their sly winks and their dirty smirks. jungkook had only chirped out a "sure hyungs, i'll ask my mom when i get home!" and that was that.

now, though, the friday night he's supposed to be getting picked up in yoongi's beat up old honda, now he's processed it. now he gets it.

Notes

it's not super necessary to read the work before this in the series, but for context's sake:

- they're all in student council; yoongi's president (senior yr), hoseok's vp (junior yr), jungkook's junior rep (junior yr)
- they recently got together a couple months ago

enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

it's not like he's nervous, or anything.

but. he's kinda nervous.

initially, he hadn't thought anything of it. yesterday, after school, he and his boyfriends went out for boba, as they usually do. hoseok ordered it to go so they could sip as they strolled around the neighborhood dog park nearby, as they usually do. yoongi made them stop to sit down five minutes in because he's *"too old for this shit, jesus"*, as he usually does. up until that point, the sequence of events jungkook has become so accustomed were proceeding as normal. it was comfortable, familiar, something that left his cheeks warm and his chest fuzzy.

that is, until yoongi broke the news that his parents would be out of town for the weekend and he'll have the house to himself for three days and oh, jungkook, you should really ask your mom if you can sleepover, hobi always crashes at mine whenever they travel, you should stay with us, yeah?

initially, he hadn't caught any of the implications. yoongi's slick *"my parents won't be back 'til late on sunday..."* and hoseok's subsequent, *"yeah we can watch movies...and stuff."* (both delivered with crooked smiles) seemed as friendly as ever. just his hyungs being lovely and wonderful and inclusive and *fuck*, jungkook was whipped. even though yoongi and hoseok have beat it like a dead horse, jungkook's deep-rooted insecurity that he was a burden on them, that they didn't have room for him... it still reared his ugly head now and then—still reminded him that his boyfriends have been together ages before he'd met them. but the almost overbearing inclusiveness that they extend to him at every given opportunity...it was a soothing salve on his sensitive sores, and jungkook couldn't appreciate them enough for that.

so, initially, he hadn't taken the time to catch their sly winks and their dirty smirks. jungkook had only chirped out a "sure hyungs, i'll ask my mom when i get home!" and that was that.

now, though, the friday night he's supposed to be getting picked up in yoongi's beat up old honda, now he's processed it. now he gets it.

and naturally, he calls taehyung to freak out about it.

"hyung," he whines into the phone's receiver, *"hyung i think they're trying to—i think they might want to—"*

“huh? you alright, man?” taehyung’s soothing baritone does a little something to ease the tremor in his bones, to calm the wailing seas of his marrow, and jungkook feels himself settle enough to explain coherently. *“yoongi hyung invited me over to his house this weekend, ‘cause he said his parents would be gone on some important business trip ‘til sunday and—and hoseok hyung kept winking and smiling and yoongi hyung kept rubbing his hand on my arm and i think that they’re—they’re trying to—”*

“to have sex with you?”

jungkook does not appreciate taehyung's giggle. *“hyung!”*

“but yeah, in all seriousness,” he continues, unperturbed, *“if this is what you think it is, make sure they don’t take advantage of you.”* his octave drops and he uses The Voice and jungkook knows now that his friend is done with the jokes.

“do not let them pressure you into anything, do you understand? you can always say no, make sure they ask for your consent. it’s your first time, so don’t go too wild but wear condoms, for fuck’s sake!”

and although his advice can be a little...*colorful* at times, jungkook has always been grateful that he’s able to lean on taehyung as not only in a platonic way but sometimes...sometimes it feels like he’s gained a brother; the sibling he’s never had. just the thought has his stomach warming with a gentle sort of affection and it’s. it’s kind of inappropriate for the conversation at hand, but he still lets himself giggle into the receiver.

“...i’ll keep it in mind, hyung.” he pauses. *“thanks. for everything, yeah?”*

the smile in taehyung’s voice matches the one that splays across jungkook’s face. *“anytime, kookie.”*

jungkook smiles softly and moves the phone away from his ear, pressing the *end call* button with one last fond glance. the serenity in his chest freezes over, though, as soon as his eyes catch the time displayed at the top of his screen.

7:20. ten minutes before yoongi and hoseok would be at his doorstep, ready to pick him up and spend the next three days together.

“fuck,” he hisses, whipping his phone on the bed as he snatches his backpack, *“shit shit shit shit—”* jungkook barely has any time to grab

his tooth-brush from the bathroom as he speeds to the laundry room, throwing open the door to the dryer. it is with a crippling sense of urgency that he stuffs clothes, any clothes he can find into his bag before he's hurriedly pulling the zipper across and throwing it over his shoulders.

he's just jamming his feet into his shoes as his mother calls "*jungkook! yoongi and hoseok are here!*"

jungkook is out of breath by the time he sprints to the front door, cheeks rosy with exertion and hair a fly-away mess. his mother gives him a severe once over and clicks her tongue, eyes narrow and tongue in her cheek. she smooths his bangs and clothes with gentle hands and runs her thumb over the scar on his cheek. sunshine is spilling out of her eyes and it eases the tumultuous butterflies that plague him. "*relax,*" she purrs, "i'll walk you out."

and walk him out she does. jungkook steps through his front door to the familiar sight of yoongi's honda, hoseok honking the horn excitedly and no doubt waking up the crotchety old woman that lives a door down; they're acting like idiots. but they're *his* idiots.

"bye, kookie!" his mother gently pushes him forwards past the front steps, "have fun!"

"thanks, mom, i wi—"

without warning, she abruptly spins him around to face her, fingers like talons digging into his shoulders as she hits him with a steely gaze. "you call me if there's *any trouble*." the smile she wears has a glint to it that jungkook doesn't know how to react to past the involuntary shudder that runs up along his spine.

"uh. yuh-yeah mom, okay,"

jungkook is being swiveled again, this time facing the car. a light shove has him stumbling down his driveway and he's almost too disoriented from his sudden pivot to catch his mother's call: "*don't forget to use condoms!*"

key word: almost.

he trips over the laces of his converse and nearly face-plants into the cement. he hears her signature twinkly laugh and hoseok's rolling the window down from the passenger seat to say hello and *how are you this evening, mrs jeon? good? good! we'll take good care of him, thanks!*

and then jungkook is yanking open the car door with a flaming face and shutting it just as hastily. the fire that burns hot in the apples of his cheeks draw the attention of both boys like moths to a flame —“kookie,” yoongi starts, “you good? the hell did your mom say back there, had you almost wipin’ the floor.”

“nuh-nothing, hyung. she just told me to, uh. be. be safe.”

yoongi swivels his head from the driver’s seat, a frown down turning the natural pout of his lips and an eyebrow raised in skepticism. jungkook tries his best to flash him a wide-mouth smile and, even though he knows his hyung doesn’t buy it for a second, yoongi leaves it alone and turns around to work the gear shift and clench his hands on the steering wheel.

jungkook has always liked watching yoongi’s, rough, calloused hands working on anything, let alone the controls of a car; it’s why jungkook never *really* minds sitting in the backseat. having a triad opposed to a couple in a relationship comes with a myriad of complications; one of which being who takes what seat in the car. the decision making started out with heated rounds of rock-paper-scissors, but eventually devolved into recalling who sat in the backseat last; and, in extension, who’s turn it was to rotate and take shotgun.

realistically, all three of them know that two could sit in the backseat to save them the trouble and loneliness.

unfortunately, they’re teenage boys. competitive, hard-headed, childish teenage boys.

and, usually, jungkook will moan and groan about having to sit *all alone hyungs pity your poor baby* in the backseat, complete with chair-kicking and crocodile tears theatrics. but tonight, he is subdued, the all too familiar heavy feeling in his gut expanding at an uncomfortable rate.

he’s so immersed in his own thoughts that he almost doesn’t catch hoseok’s gentle hum. “kook, you okay? you should be kicking at my headrest and guilt tripping us with fake-crying by now.”

“ah, no, hyung,” he says, “’m just a little tired.” he can’t stop the wave of guilt that crashes hard and heavy on his shaky shoulders. it hurts to lie to his boyfriends but he doesn’t want to worry them, doesn’t want to—to be a burden.

“...if you’re sure,” this time it’s yoongi and jungkook can catch his

sharp gaze in the rear-view mirror, “but if you don’t feel up to hanging out, we understand, kookie. we’ll take you back home, we *promise* it’s okay.”

jungkook, in that moment, feels an abrupt swelling of emotion in his chest as soon as the final sentence has left yoongi’s mouth. it’s times like these where jungkook looks back and laments over the past; when he felt inadequate compared to their age-old love, when he stayed up late gazing at the stars on his ceiling and wondering if one day they three could all complete each other like how all the beautiful constellations in the night sky completed themselves; when he cried his soul dry and coughed up his heart, weeping over two boys he’d never thought would love him back.

but oh, how wrong he was.

yoongi’s sentence was simple. nine words strung together by korean linguistics, accented with his standard lazy drawl and just a hint of the warmth of cinnamon and hot cocoa on a cold winter day.

but it was the *sentiment*. the fact that he, that the both of them, would be willing to turn the car around even though they were twenty minutes away at this point in the drive, would be willing to let him go back on his word for the sake of his comfort, would be willing to reassure him and set his mind at ease because *we understand, kookie, we promise it’s okay*.

suddenly, he feels silly for being so nervous. his stomach no longer feels like an ocean scene from kanagawa, and his lungs are expanding to allow sufficient breathing room, and a blanket of calm wraps around him warm and secure like hoseok’s arms.

“no,” jungkook finds himself saying, “no, it’s—i’m fine. i wanna be with you guys, honest.”

he can see their pleased grins they try to disguise with yawning, itching their mouths, coughing; but jungkook knows.

he thinks he could get used to this backseat view.

;

they really do end up watching movies.

“jesus *fucking* christ yoongi. inception? again? and your shitty ass player *always* freezes ‘n drags it out for longer than it already is. this is why we never let you choose. when this shit ends, we’re watching con air.”

jungkook frowns at hoseok. “that’s not...any better...you know what, never mind. it’s okay, hyung.”

even as yoongi (begrudgingly) switches out his movie to feed the player hoseok’s, jungkook can’t help but notice the...the *atmosphere* that envelopes the three of them: dim lighting that comes only from the tiny lamp at yoongi’s bedside, a movie playing at a moderate volume in the background, jungkook laid spread out horizontally on their laps, and how their fingers caress the skin of his stomach where his shirt’s ridden up, and dance along his quivering hipbones...

but then hoseok busts out in snorting laughter at whatever’s just happened in the movie and yoongi scoffs and tells him he has bad taste, and jungkook is sucked out of whatever weird headspace that just closed its claws around his brain. he’s here, lounging around with his boyfriends for three days. it’s supposed to be fun, and not...not like *that*.

(jungkook’s not entirely sure if he imagines the soft, subtle groan hoseok lets slip as he shifts in his lap.)

he tries to be attentive and pay attention to the movie. he really, *really* tries. he wants to be engaged and discuss the plotline with hoseok while simultaneously exchanging amused glances with yoongi while their boyfriend prattles on, fully immersed in geek mode—jungkook really, *really* tries.

sadly, nic cage’s action-filled antics are not enough to keep him awake. he feels his eyelids drooping and his consciousness slipping through his fingers like sand as yoongi keeps running fingers through his hair; as hoseok keeps circling his thumb in soothing patterns around his hips.

when his eyes finally flutter shut, the last thing he catches sight of are yoongi’s pale collarbones, his loose shirt’s neckline slipping down to reveal them. he wishes that he could put his tongue on them, dip into the sharp crevices. but before jungkook can even begin to be mortified at his perverseness, he slips into sleep.

it is with a gentle shake that jungkook is awoken. “hey,” hoseok says softly, “it’s bedtime, okay? change into your pajamas, yoongi’s weird about *‘not wearing any street clothes’* in his bed.” hoseok’s bad impression of their boyfriend’s deep, lazy timbre has jungkook giggling as he struggles to crawl out from his half-awake haze.

“...time’s it?” he groans, scratching the nape of his neck.

“a little after four. come on, up up up, your bag’s by the door.”

it’s a miracle jungkook is able to support himself on numb legs that are convinced he’s still in slumber. he staggers over to the door and snatches up his bag where it lays just as hoseok said it would. he’s about to walk out the door when he sheepishly realizes that he has *no fuckin’ clue* where the bathroom is.

jungkook pivots on his heel to face back into the room, one hand still rubbing at the crust in his eyes. he’d feel disgusting were it not for hoseok doing the same thing in the corner. “hyungs,” he calls out, “where’s th’ bathroom?”

“down the hall and last door on your right.” yoongi strides in quick, sharp motions towards jungkook and shoos him out of the bedroom, “hurry up, kookie, hyungie’s tired.”

immediately, he feels the familiar burn of guilt hot and heavy at the back of his throat. jungkook nods, a quiet “*sure, hyung*” slipping past his lips as he scurries out of the room and holds his bag tight against his chest like it’ll leech away the goopy-glop of anxious tar that’s beginning to infiltrate his bloodstream and hop on a course straight to his brain.

calm down, he repeats in his mind like a mantra, *it’s just yoongi and hoseok*.

his heart still rests uneasily in his chest when he goes to brush his teeth and wash his face, though the mundane nature of these two tasks does help to settle the rattling of his bones. the eye of the storm evades him as quickly as it came, however, when jungkook reaches into his bag to pull out his pajamas and is met with only a tight-fitting, form hugging white t-shirt and black running shorts.

jungkook stumbles back in surprise, dropping his back and the clothes because *when the fuck why the fuck how the fuck*, but the synapses in his brain work double time to put the pieces of the puzzle together and he curses himself a thousand times over for being so *careless*.

whilst he was rushing to grab clothes to pack for his weekend trip, he was so pressed for time that he shoved whatever he could find in the dryer into his bag.

jungkook now remembers that it was his mother's day of the week to wash her load.

"fuck," he hisses, *"goddammit. shit."*

how the hell was he going to explain this to hoseok? or yoongi? he couldn't just waltz in there in barely any fucking clothing (the black running shorts left *nothing* to the imagination) and expect them not to...not to...

he grasps for a legitimate fear to have of being dressed in what he brought, but comes up with nothing. his boyfriends adore him, care an unfathomable amount for him, maybe—maybe even love him. wearing short, tight, near-translucent clothing isn't going to damage their six-month relationship.

even still. it's. it's kinda.

embarrassing.

reluctantly, bashfully, jungkook pulls on the shirt first and is surprised the tiny thing isn't bursting at the seams trying to contain his toned muscles. it hugs him tight enough to hide fuck-all and his cheeks grow hot with rouge when he notices that his nipples are disturbingly apparent in the damned thing.

(he tries not to think too hard about how the rustle of the fabric against his chest sends shocks of *something* down his spine.)

next, the shorts. *jesus*.

they're significantly more difficult; jungkook's thighs are not what you'd call *slim*—he works out regularly, both in school as co-captain of the soccer team and in the gym as the youngest member of a bi-weekly weightlifting class. so when he attempts to slide them over his knees and up his thighs, he finds that his boxers are 1) way too long to wear with the shorts without being awkward, and 2) he's going to

have to take them off.

“god.” he chokes on his horrified whisper as he slips the shorts off back the way they came and shoves his underwear off his hips and into his bag. “god. jesus.” the running shorts just barely slide up his meaty thighs, but he can barely walk a couple of feet before they ride up completely and flash his ass and crotch area in a completely indecent way.

his appearance in the bathroom mirror does something to him, though. looking at himself, squashed into a teeny shirt and booty shorts that make his legs look plump and curvy; the way his bangs fall into his eyes and the petal pink of his lips are spit slick after he’d bitten them raw and soothed the wounds with his tongue...

all of it makes him feel—pretty.

jungkook makes a valiant effort to swallow down the half-horny, half-wounded noise that bubbles up in his throat.

yeah, it’s time to go.

he tears himself away from his reflection to bend down and snatch up his backpack, cringing (and flushing) at how he can physically feel the shorts riding up his ass and right over his. right over his. his *area*.

(it feels better than it should to press his fingers there to straighten out his shorts.)

god, jungkook thinks as he knocks gently at the bedroom door that’s been left slightly ajar. *god, i’m about to make a fool of myself.*

“hyu...” he finds his voice weak, too scared to speak up properly. the swooping gales that run through his stomach and cause his legs to tremor and squeeze together wrap like a vice around his vocal chords, yet he still presses on. “hyungs, i’m. uh. i accidentally packed the wrong clothes so sorry if this is weird but—“

“*goddamn.*”

yoongi is the one who speaks first. he’s shirtless, just in the middle of shrugging a ratty old hoodie on, but stops midway to let it fall off of his arms and down to the carpeted floor as he studies jungkook with a sort of rapt attention he’s never seen from him before. his hyung is obviously passionate about many things, whether it be music, or his position as captain of their school’s basketball team, and especially his

boyfriends.

but the look he fixes jungkook with now. there is a different type of heat in his eyes that makes jungkook cross his legs and has the shorts riding up even higher.

“yoongi,” hoseok’s chastising voice increased in volume as he draws nearer from his off-stage position at the closet, “what’s with all the cussing, it’s too late to be crotchety, old man, who hurt y—“ his sentence trails off as he comes to stand by yoongi and catches sight of what’s got his boyfriend swearing like a sailor at half past four in the morning.

“you shave.” is the first thing that hoseok says, not even a question; his hyung is stating it with a flat tone and his mouth pinched tight at the corners and a pained expression laying thick like a mask all over his face. “jesus. of course you do.”

the deadpan reaction makes jungkook shift uncomfortably. yes, okay, he shaves his legs and...other parts of the lower half of his body as well. he’d started back in middle school when his anxiety was at its peak—shaving gave him some solitude, some serenity. the repetitiveness of bringing the razor up and down for thirty minutes gave him something mundane and constant to hold onto like a raft when he was so desperately trying not to drown in the sea of his worries, his self-doubt, his self-*hatred*.

plus, it made him feel...pretty. it was no secret to him (or his right hand) that being pretty was something that wasn’t gratifying to him only sexually, but in everyday life as well.

(the first time hoseok had called him pretty, jungkook had locked himself in the third-floor bathroom and rubbed himself through his school pants so roughly that he ejaculated in less than ten minutes with the bleeding teeth marks on his knuckles to prove it.)

“i—yuh-yes. i. uhm. i do. is that a bad thing...?” and suddenly, he is ashamed of his longtime coping mechanism. he’s never told a soul about what he does, why he does it, and his boyfriends’ verdict is now something he’s half-eager, half-terrified to hear.

immediately, yoongi coos at him. “of *course* not, honey. hobi was just surprised. surprised at how pretty our baby looks, yeah? come here, let your hyungs have a look.”

so jungkook follows orders, blindsided by the praise and the

gentleness and *pretty, our baby, pretty, pretty, pretty.*

he goes. dropping his backpack in the doorway behind him he strides forwards on shaking legs, no longer even attempting to try and pull the shorts down. he knows that they're horrendously revealing, what with how the tops of his thighs feel very breezy and his *special parts* feel mighty-stuffed; but the way yoongi and hoseok look at him...

it's kinda worth it.

"spin." there is no room for argument in yoongi's voice and both he and hoseok give a bodily shiver. jungkook feels rather ridiculous, like something for sale in a store, but it's. it's not entirely a bad sensation. he finds himself turning slowly, relishing in how both of his boyfriends suck in a quick breath when he's got his ass facing them.

he avoids both of their gazes when he finally completes his circle. "hyungs..." he whispers, "hyungies, it's bed time..."

jungkook can tell from the expressions on their faces to the way their hands are strategically placed over their crotches that the last thing they want to do is sleep. but he's feeling suddenly bashful, suddenly embarrassed, suddenly filthy, and he doesn't know if he can handle on more minute awake.

"of course, kookie," yoongi murmurs, ushering both his boyfriends to his bed, "it's late anyways. ten minutes to five, my boys need some rest."

the three of them fall onto yoongi's mattress; the thing is barely large enough for two people, never mind three. jungkook is squished in between them like a sandwich, and it's uncomfortable enough for him to shift to his side and throw an arm and a leg around yoongi's body so there's more space now that his broad ass shoulders aren't taking up too much of the bed.

he didn't really think this through, though. because turning sideways to grip onto yoongi meant presenting hoseok with his ass—his practically *bare* ass, thanks to those shorts.

jungkook does not say a fucking word. but he can hear the audible hitch in hoseok's voice and his heart threatens to lurch right out of his chest and up his windpipe unless he does something to distract himself from the embarrassment, anything at all; so he makes his second mistake that night.

“night night, hyungs,” he whispers, hot flushed face now buried into yoongi’s neck. jungkook can feel the heat of his breath reflecting back into his own face and the sight of yoongi’s jugular so pale and smooth makes him wonder, makes him wonder what it would look like with a few bruises and bite marks and scratches and—

jungkook has to squeeze his eyes shut and pray to whatever force may be up there. he is *not* getting a boner right on yoongi’s leg.

“good night, kook,” yoongi and hoseok both hum in unison and their voices are so gravelly, full of grit and grind that jungkook has never heard from them before and. he. he needs sleep. he doesn’t know how much sleep he’ll be able to get tonight but he needs it.

the last thing that crosses his mind before he closes his eyes and succumbs to darkness, is that even despite whatever kind of tension lingers amongst them, their embraces and their close proximities are just as comforting as they always have been.

;

he’s cocooned in warmth, soft waves of it kissing his skin like the midday sun. it wraps its tendrils around him in an enticing vice, doing its best to coo and lull him back into slumber, but jungkook’s brain decides that three hours’ sleep under his belt is enough.

groaning, he tries to roll over from his side (where his poor arm’s gone numb) to his back, but is alarmed to find that he *can’t*. the body in front of him has his face pressed firmly against its chest’s steady rise and fall, and the body behind him...

belatedly, he realizes two Very Important Things.

Thing Number One: jungkook spent the night with them, watching shitty movies, until he passed out and was later awoken by hoseok; promptly, he was told to change into his pajamas and come to bed. he had a bit of a fiasco (jungkook absently rubs his legs together in embarrassment) before they fell asleep in a heap on top of yoongi’s cramped mattress, a little past four. the soft, bright light that peeks hesitantly through the cracks of the blinds suggests that it can’t be anywhere past seven in the morning. the bodies pressed up against him are his boyfriends’...

Thing Number Two: the bodies pressed up against him are his boyfriends’.

the drowsiness that fogged his head is now nowhere to be found. what he’d woken up to as an enveloping warmth proved to be yoongi and hoseok, snuggling *much* closer than they had been last night, snoring innocently.

well, it would be innocent, if jungkook didn’t feel an insistent prodding at his ass.

he turns his head as much as he can while squished to yoongi’s chest, and catches sight of hoseok who’s intake of breath is heavy and slow, drawing out soft rasps from the back of his throat; clearly, he’s asleep. his dick, however, is not. it’s a nasty case of morning wood—no half-mast, rub one out before the day starts type of shit. hoseok was rock solid against the small of his back, just above the swell of his ass. it shouldn’t be as attractive as it is when he groans in his sleep and shuffles closer and oh, god, has he had his arms wrapped around jungkook this whole time, have they always been this tight, did he really just grip him closer, wow, that’s,

it takes great self-control to swivel his head back facing forward. yoongi’s breathing is light and shallow, but then again...jungkook’s never shared a bed with him before; how should he know the telltale signs of yoongi’s slumber? his hyung is just...he’s *different*, but not in a bad way! more in an unconventional way—so it wouldn’t be too much of an alien concept should yoongi have odd sleeping habits.

jungkook thanks the heavens that both are knocked the fuck out, because he doesn’t think he could deal with the embarrassment of suffering from a hard-on only minutes after feeling hoseok’s...hoseok’s *parts* right up against him.

unfortunately, the heavens may not be as lenient as he thought. yoongi chooses this exact moment to shift sluggishly, and raises his thigh *right between jungkook’s legs*.

he’s gonna die. the amount of blood that’s flooding down south is getting redirected from the path to his brain because jungkook is incapable of rationality, of common sense, of anything that has to do with dignity, really. it’s almost too easy to rock his hips down once, twice, and then he’s starting up a light gyration with his lips pursed tight to muffle his noises before he comes to his senses.

what’s he doing—who the hell does he think he is? getting off

between his sleeping boyfriends? when he could just do it in the shower like a normal person?

...wait.

gently, he extricates himself from hoseok's tight grip around his abdomen (his boyfriend whines and doesn't let go easily, so jungkook shushes him and pets his hair and hoseok falls back easily.) disentangling himself from yoongi proves much harder; for jungkook to leave the bed, he's got to hop over him. fuck.

he goes to the gym. he used to play sports. he's still pretty flexible. kinda. he can do this, no problem. it's all under control.

when he promptly crashes down on top of yoongi halfway through climbing off the bed, he realizes that maybe it's not all under control.

for someone who was supposed to be abruptly woken up, yoongi looks pretty chill about it. especially because he's *him*. yoongi likes to sleep. this is a well-known fact. but by no means is he *lazy*—his boyfriend catches power naps during passing periods and spends his lunch block sleeping in the janitor's closet because he pours his heart and soul and *everything* into his work. and no amount of rest can really remedy that deficit; it's not a physical one.

so jungkook is more than a little surprised when he grins up at him with a sleepy smile. "hey there."

they're much too close than what's good for jungkook's heart. he's holding himself up with his arms planted firmly by the sides of yoongi's head, and yoongi arches up (feigning a stretch, no doubt) not enough to kiss, but enough to be exhaling into each other's mouths. "h. hi."

a third voice joins the party, and suddenly he feels slender fingers caress his waist and jungkook comes to the shameful realization that the fucking running shorts he'd packed and worn to bed so *foolishly* did absolutely nothing to hide his erection, which was a little more than just half-mast what with the way he could feel warm palms sliding up and down his thighs.

hoseok scoots over to lift jungkook's hands from their rigid position beside each of yoongi's ears, and he eases him back so that he's sat on somebody's lap—jungkook doesn't know who's, he doesn't care, *can't* care, because he's too busy trying to hide his crotch by raising his knees up.

which, in turn, runs a breezy stream right up his ass and oh, christ, they're sure getting a show now.

"why're you up so early, baby?" hoseok speaks lowly into his ear and o-kay that's definitely who's lap he's sitting on. the tone his boyfriend uses makes him squirm on the thighs that are beneath him and he gets as far as wiggling his hips three times before a pair of hands clamp down against his hips and his shifting comes to a quick end. "*stop fidgeting*," is whispered directly into his ear, "*you'll ruck up your shorts*."

if jungkook had any plans on hiding his arousal, they're long gone now. the bodily shudder that runs up and down his spine feels like electricity in his bone marrow and it takes an amount of self-restraint he didn't know he had to attempt to hold in a whine.

key word: attempt.

"i. i wuh. i mean, i,"

cold fingers run along his jawline. "you what, sweetheart?"

"*i gotta go to the bathroom!*" and now jungkook is lowering his legs to spring over yoongi and off the bed, snatching up his backpack by the door, no doubt having flashed his little problem but he couldn't care less. he was *not* about to let them watch him dirty his shorts over a few words.

the bathroom is right where he'd remembered it from last night. jungkook flies in and shuts the door, momentarily considering the lock but casting the thought aside as quickly as it had come to his mind. yoongi and hoseok weren't like that. if he wanted privacy, it was his.

and privacy was what he wanted indeed. they didn't need to see him like—like *this*, with his hair awry and his lips and cheeks flushed the same shade of cherry red and his ill-fitting tight shirt rode all the way up to his ribs and his shorts (those *goddamn shorts*) hiked up all the way to his hips and doing nothing to hide his,

his,

jungkook shoves his hand down the waistband. he's still looking in the mirror. fuck, he's still looking at his reflection in the mirror and he finds his stomach twisting at how he throbs in his hand at the sight. how his fingers squeeze harder and the flick of his wrist turns so quick and so severe that he feels a bone pop. his thighs quake, knees

knocking together; the tremble in his bottom lip looks delicious, the blood from where he'd bitten through reminds him of a shirley temple.

doing this—it's not—it's not like he's never done it before. he's a hormonal teenage boy who has *needs* and sometimes those *needs* are soiling his shorts for the third time that night at the thought of his boyfriends doing awful, sick things to his poor body.

he wonders if they'd want to see him like this...whimpering and whining and just. just *debauched*. even though he's already jerking off he can't help but to lean his forehead on the cool metal of the faucet and stick his ass out like he needs something more. god, he has no right to be frustrated because who the fuck brings lube to their boyfriends'...house...

jungkook suddenly feels very stupid.

in a shameful moment of pure and utter neediness, he removes his hand from his shorts to crouch down below the sink and open up the cabinets that were attached to the base of the counter. he's crossing his fingers here, because even though this is yoongi's bathroom and not the guest one, it's not like he'd just have lube lying arou—

oh. he doesn't know what he was expecting, but it sure wasn't four different types of flavored lube. they're all at varying levels of use (peach has a few drops left) and all at once, a rush of thoughts barge into his head, making home in his brain, planting the seeds of yoongi and hoseok using them *oh god* of course they use them *oh shit* he wonders who tops or do they switch *oh fuck* he wonders how they'd, how they'd fuck him,

cherry is snatched up from the discrete rack it was placed in beside all the others. jungkook wastes no time now, can't afford to or else his dick will probably *explode* or something. (he's exaggerating. even though his physiology isn't.)

when was the last time he'd done this...yesterday morning? oh, yes, now he remembers; how he'd fingered himself to the images of familiar hands holding down his own, slaps to his ass and fingers ripping at his hair until he. until he,

until he *finished*, painting the shower tiles in something crude and filthy. but the dirtiness of it all...he'd wished he had time for one more round, but he couldn't be late for school.

the same burn he'd felt then is what he feels now, just one finger has his chin dropping to his chest and his breath stuttering. jungkook whines and desperately prays that this bathroom doesn't echo too loudly before pulling out, squirting lube on a second finger, and sinking back in. the stretch is fucking *godly* and fuck if he doesn't think about what it would feel like to have hoseok's elegantly long fingers that were probably able to reach places he couldn't even dream of.

or, or yoongi, *god yoongi*, and his big boxy hands—he'd stretch him out so good, drag against his insides and maybe tease him a little bit just to hear him whimper. yoongi would start out with two, insisting that he could take it (he could) and slipping in a third when jungkook starts to descend into incoherency, maybe even a fourth if he was a good boy because *only good boys get four, jungkookie*—

his orgasm hits him by surprise. his eyes snap open just in time to catch himself in the mirror: eyes crinkled near shut, a red flush all the way up to his hairline and down to below his collar, tiny shorts stretched around his knees and his right arm disappearing behind his hip as he ejaculates all over the marble countertop.

he's always been a bit self-indulgent. he was when he stopped shaving to stave off anxiety and more to look pretty; he was when he splurged on bleach during winter break and dyed his hair blond for two weeks; he was last night when he changed his mind on taking off these damned shorts because he liked the way his boyfriends looked at him too much; and he is now, when he doesn't even bother to stop the wails that escape his gaping "O" shaped lips.

"*hyung*," he calls out, one hand jerking just under his head as the other curls desperately inside of him, "*yoongi-i-i...huh-hoseok...!*"

somewhere distant, in the far recesses of his mind, he knows that screaming debauchedly at the top of his lungs wasn't what most people did when they said they were going to the bathroom.

but was in a polyamorous relationship with the two most important people in their school district. he's never lived anywhere more than two years in his entire life (military brat perks.) he shaves his legs and gets off on being called pretty and is finger-fucking himself with one leg propped on the toilet seat of his boyfriend's bathroom, cherry lube rubbing slick and hot down the backs of his thighs.

jeon jungkook is not most people.

and this is the convoluted justification his brain supplies, so that he may wail out as many brokenly wanton cries as he pleases. he worries for the neighbors.

the comedown is slow-going, and then the weight of what he's done crashes on top of his shoulders. post-orgasmic haziness is always something he revels in, a velvety blanket settling warm and comfy around him.

but then. then he realizes he's stolen lube to fuck himself until he finished, screamed at the top of his lungs loud enough that he's surprised nobody called the police, and he's stained his shorts. the smudge of white is large and inconspicuous right on the front left quarter.

god. jesus.

it feels like the walk of shame to tug off his pajamas and put on regular day-wear, slip the lube under the counter where it belongs, and wash his hands as quickly as he can to avoid looking in the mirror—he can't even face himself right now, and he doesn't know how he's going to walk back into that room without having an anxiety attack. he doesn't know how, but he's gotta.

so he does. backpack slung over one drooping shoulder, fingers rubbing at the nape of his neck in shame, jungkook sheepishly stands in the doorway of the bedroom and draws his gaze up from the carpet after a few moments of silence.

hoseok's hair is mussed and his cheeks are painted rouge. he's got an unidentified liquid glistening at the corners of his mouth. the comforter has been shed to the floor. someone's boxers have been thrown over the lamp. a travel-sized bottle of *something* rests on top of the nightstand, where it's hastily shoved in as soon as jungkook's eyes land upon it. yoongi's shirtless.

“so.” jungkook cringes when his voice cracks. “breakfast?”

;

as the classy young men they are, pizza is ordered for breakfast; half pepperoni for jungkook, half brooklyn for yoongi, and a small

hawaiian mini-pie for hoseok.

yoongi takes one look at his boyfriend's box and closes the lid in disgust. "that's horrific, hoseok. i'm never kissing you again."

"guess you gotta find yourself some new boyfriends, then!" jungkook winks at him before plucking a slice of pineapple off the pizza, dropping it into his mouth, and sucks face with hoseok. it should be gross how they pass around the fruit between their lips, but when hoseok draws back with a satisfied gulp and a smirk on his face, all jungkook feels is a burning sensation in his gut.

"oh *hell*. really? some people are trying to eat."

jungkook shrugs. "at least we're having fun with it." and then he picks up a slice of pepperoni this time, clamping it between his teeth and leaning towards hoseok before a hand presses firmly into his chest. "please," yoongi moans, "we can do anything you want after this. whatever you want. just. *please*. it looks like a bad pornhub scene—you're better than a bad pornhub scene."

it makes him giggle under his breath when hoseok squawks indignantly, "*hey!* what about me!"

"anyways, jungkook. what d'you feel like doing today?"

and *oh*, it makes his heart sting pleasantly at how he's been given the reigns; yoongi and hoseok have probably done this a thousand times, have probably spent the weekend at each other's' houses more times than jungkook could hope to imagine—but they're making sure that this time. his *first* time with them...they're making sure that he enjoys it.

"maybe...maybe we could go to that ice cream place? the one that opened just down the street?" his voice is soft and gentle, still hesitant to make a decision that's much more than just ice cream. hoseok's immediate validation relieves some of the pressure off of his shoulders when he says, "aw, hell yeah. when's the last time we went out into town like that, anyways?"

"if we can't remember, then it's been too long." yoongi rises with his pizza box in hand, collecting hoseok's along the way, "i'm gonna go throw these out. by the time i get back inside, your asses better be ready. i'm not gonna wait any longer than i have to for my mint chocolate chip." and then he's rounding the corner to where jungkook knows the garage door is and hoseok laughs as his back retreats.

“how does he even say that shit with a straight face. loser.”

the faraway look of fondness that rests like honeydew on hoseok’s features sets something aflutter in his stomach, something that has him hastily averting his gaze with flushed cheeks and snatching up his boyfriend’s hand before he can read too much into it. “come on, you heard the man. the fuck are our shoes?”

hoseok says they’re in the room, so jungkook—being the naïve doe that he is—follows him into the room. there’s only one pair of sneakers by the door, though, and those are hoseok’s. frowning, he turns around to ask him if he’s seen where they’d gone, but the words die in his throat. hoseok is bent over from the waist, legs impossibly straight and back arched as he reaches his arms out in front of him to grope around the closet.

“sorry, kookie,” his voice is strained with the exertion of holding the position long enough to reach around yoongi’s stuffed closet and jungkook wants to *die*, “i’m lookin’ for yours, hang on.”

and then he kneels, back bowed like a cat and ass on display in those *fucking* jeans he knows both of his boyfriends have a bit of an issue with. if his position before was suggestive, this is just...

“*hnnn*. he’s got too much stuff in here, can never find fuckin’ anything...*ugh*, of course they’re in the corner, lemme just—*ah! ah!* okay got ‘em. jeez, that sure was a stretch.”

he has the fucking nerve to hand his shoes to him with a thousand-watt beam on his face. before this morning, jungkook wouldn’t have questioned hoseok’s motives; he’d never seen his boyfriend in a sexual position before, not in real life, so the connotations that came with how he was using his body, jungkook thought, were probably unbeknownst to him.

now, though.

now he’s seen what jung hoseok looks like at seven in the morning with a scratchy voice and a bad case of morning wood. now he knows how it feels to have that pressed right up against him, teasingly poking just a smidge in between the crack of his ass.

jeon jungkook is not stupid.

he feels like he is, though, when the front of his track pants are a little hotter than they’d been before they walked into the room.

jungkook bends over hastily to slip on his shoes and looks through the gap between his legs; hoseok is ogling his ass, bottom lip sucked tight between his teeth and his hands clenched into fists. when their gazes meet, he winks and gives jungkook a little wave.

fuck. that shouldn't be as hot as it is.

"let's not keep him waiting," he says once jungkook has straightened up. but it is only when yoongi calls their names and they stride to the garage that hoseok drags him by the collar and whispers lowly against the shell of his ear.

"you look pretty today, baby."

and then, like the piece of shit he is, hoseok flashes him an innocent grin and skips away towards the car, leaving jungkook standing there. trying not to embarrass himself. trying his very best to mind-control his boner into non-existence.

(it's not working.)

ice cream is a small reprieve from all the tension.

for about, like, five minutes.

the drive there is better, though. it's jungkook's turn to sit in the passenger seat and he revels in it; shooting hoseok sly glances from over his shoulder, tuning the radio into trashy, redundant edm remixes of top forty songs that he *knows* gets under yoongi's skin, messing with the air conditioning system and blasting them all with arctic air. (this is usually why his turn is skipped so often.)

"jungkook" says yoongi calmly, "you wanna die?"

"kinda." his tone is casual and conversational. he knows his boyfriend's jaw is locked. "midterms are coming up, and all."

just as he'd predicted, yoongi speaks with clipped vowels and jungkook *really* tries not to burst into a fit of giggles.

"get your feet off my dash before i leave you on this curb, kid."

“we’re super close, why’d we drive, anyway?” and there’s hoseok, not even bothering to look up as he absentmindedly scrolls through his phone.

“you’re just bitter than you gotta sit in the back this time, old man.” jungkook loses it when his seat is kicked, violently. his body jolts forward, straining against the seatbelt, and it only makes him wheeze even harder when hoseok roars, “*yah, jeon jungkook!*”

this, obviously, is a challenge. he turns around in his seat and paws for hoseok’s neck, tickling ruthlessly as soon as his fingers meet it. his boyfriend, as predicted, wails and shrieks, his protests falling upon deaf ears as jungkook refuses to falter in his attack. if anything, hoseok’s laughter only propels him further; there’s something too much like sunshine held in it all of its fourths and eighths, and jungkook can never get enough.

it all ends, though, when yoongi kills the engine and eloquently tells them to, “get the hell outta my car, losers.” the bite to his words is considerably lessened by the fond smile he flashes them both as he climbs out the driver’s seat.

the parlor is...the parlor is *wonderful*.

it’s so glaringly new, fresh paint glistening on the walls and cute cardboard caricatures of various desserts hanging from the menu that’s pasted up on the wall. the entire shop has the color scheme of a third-grade classroom and jungkook *loves it*. the hues he’s surrounded in are eccentric and pretty and carry jungkook’s footsteps light and airy to the register where he orders a simple vanilla cone, small, yes please sir, thank you. even his boyfriends’ jeering at how *boring and plain* his order is isn’t enough to ruin the child-like rush of energy that courses thick through his veins, images of hopscotch and double dutch and fruity pops clouding his mind and coating his tongue in a medley of memories.

jungkook has done so much growing up lately, *so much*, so rapidly. sometimes, the thought that he’s going to be attending college in just two years takes residence in his ribcage like a spider’s web and spins itself thick and wide until the only thing he can do is flounder amongst the gossamer’s entanglement, hopelessly reaching for breath. the future, at one point, had seemed so far off, a mere pinprick of light in the distance—a dim gleam at the base of his horizon.

but times are changing. the kids he’d befriended in such trust and

faith are no longer *kids* anymore, and jungkook can feel his youth being stripped away from the rosy apples of his cheeks, from the glimmer in his wide-set eyes and from the dimples in his cheeks. it's scary—it is *terrifying*—to realize how far he's come from where he used to be, what distance he's put between himself and his childhood. a definitive rift stands between the jungkook that stands here, with the two people he loves most, and the jungkook last year, who stood crumpled in the janitor's closet, skipping third period in lieu of bracing his way through a crippling anxiety attack.

with that being said...

jungkook would be lying if he said that the rush of adrenaline he gets whenever he thinks about the future is a bad thing. the anxiety comes hand in hand with the *anticipation*, the *what's next* that takes root in his veins and wraps like a vice around his heart, squeezing and pumping and propelling him forward despite the niggling of nostalgia that tries to drag him back. the fear of the unknown is no longer something crippling, but something *motivating*. to feel that amount of unadulterated exhilaration that one can only experience on the delicate precipice between childhood and adulthood...*that* is the most beautiful moment in life.

so when he's sat with his boyfriends in a booth, their hooded eyes locked on his lips and wandering hands tickling at his knees, jungkook's nerves do not jump. his hackles do not raise and the blood that rushes to his face is not the weeping of his veins, but the strong pound of his heart.

"how d'you guys like it?" jungkook knows *exactly* what he's doing when his tongue peeks out of his petal lips and pokes his ball of vanilla. "taste good?"

hoseok inhales too suddenly chokes on a chocolate chip, so yoongi takes the initiative to answer. "uh. uh, yeah. how 'bout yours?"

"tastes *so good*, hyung." and then he licks a stripe up the side, catching any stray droplets that fall along the way, though the ones he doesn't catch, the ones that drip onto his face and splatter and paint him in a rather *debauched* light...he's rather proud at his sudden bout of improvisation.

"FUCK."

their table bangs and the napkin dispenser is kicked to its side. hoseok can be seen wincing immediately after the sound of the impact as he

rubbs his knee and bites his bottom lip hard. “sorry there was a, uh. there was a fly. in my ice cream.” jungkook giggles, tickling the inside of hoseok’s thigh with his foot. “stop being such a scaredy cat, hyungie!” and then, fully aware of what it would look like, he sticks his tongue out and lets the small amount of fluid he had in his mouth to drip down the slope of his chin. he’d still had a bit of vanilla in there, and mixed with his spit, it kind of resembled...

“it’s time to go home.”

yoongi snatches both his and hoseok’s wrists, grip tight as death, and pulls them like rowdy children until they reach the door. “throw out the ice cream, i don’t need no more stains in my car.”

“but *hyung*,” jungkook whines, “i’m not finished yet! you can’t make me!” and then, to twist the knife in further, he latches onto the top of his scoop, lips slightly stretched around its circumference; he only comes up when yoongi tightens his grip, and even then, it’s with a lewd slurp.

“yeah, definitely no more ice cream.”

jungkook pouts, but concedes, dropping the cone into the trash bin to join hoseok’s, though not before sticking his tongue out at yoongi and dribbling leftover vanilla down his lips and chin. he thinks he’s won the little game he’d started, satisfied with how both his boyfriends were quaking in their stance. pride swelled in his chest at how *finally* he’s given these assholes a taste of their own medicine.

that hope is quickly dashed when yoongi brings his hand up to roughly cup jungkook’s jaw, a boxy thumb swiping at his chin and feeding him his own mess before he can even get a noise past his lips. jungkook’s knees are shaking. his heart is pounding and his head is feeling a little too far away and, okay, he gets it, he was being a brat, yoongi’s won, *haha game over you fucking won let’s go*,

it seems that his boyfriend isn’t finished with him yet.

“*messy baby*,” he murmurs, thumb lingering in his mouth even when jungkook’s swallowed. he’d almost forgotten how close hoseok’s proximity was but finds his memory pleasantly refreshed when his boyfriend situates his hips *right* up against him in a cruel parody of how he’d woken up. hoseok’s hands skirt around his hip bones, delicate fingers leaving trails of ecstasy in their wake; he dips a bit lower in his conquest, playing with the waistband of his boxers, the button of his jeans, the zipper—

“di—dn’t.” jungkook tries not to cringe at the crack in his voice. “didn’t,” he tries again, “didn’t you say it was tuh-time to go?”

and just like that, all touch is ripped away from his body and jungkook feels strangely cold...he *misses* their touch. and yoongi’s all too aware of this, jungkook notices bitterly, as he nods with an upturn to his lips. “you’re right, kookie. good boy for reminding me.” then he and hoseok are gliding through the doorway, the bell above the entrance announcing their departure.

good boy.

coming in his pants is *such* a teenage boy thing to do. if anyone asks, even if *they* ask, jungkook will take this moment of weakness to his grave.

;

“it’s, like, five in the afternoon. anywhere we try to go is gonna be packed as hell, and we literally *just* got back home. i vote movies again.”

“movies!” hoseok crows, “i approve. but—“

“—not inception,” jungkook finishes.

“fine.”

they end up watching some american action trash instead, subtitles moving too fast for jungkook to read or care. this genre of film has never really captivated him—the only reason he agreed to the movie choice in the first place was because yoongi had wanted it; to see hear the excited hitch of his breath and the exclamations of “*woah, seokseok-ah, did you see that?*” and “*kookie, kookie look! that’s so cool!*” were worth it.

however.

jungkook would be content were it not for how loud the sound effects were. his ears have always been sensitive, he's always preferred music with breathy voices and gentle tempos, so to have his senses assuaged with explosions and screaming and gunshots every five seconds...well, it wasn't very *pleasant*.

every crash makes him jump up from where he's seated on yoongi's lap. every detonation makes him draw back and hide in yoongi's neck. every gore-filled scene makes him squirm and wiggle and writhe in yoongi's hold, so much so that hoseok has taken to stroking his hair and eyeing him worriedly.

you want us to turn it off? is what his gaze says silently.

no, i'm okay hyung.

he tries to rearrange himself so that his scalp is more easily accessible to hoseok's soothing touch, but rigid fingers suddenly dig tight into his hips, tight enough to bruise, keeping him immobile, and it is only then does jungkook realize he's created a bit of a predicament.

there's something poking against his ass. it's firm and solid and *hard*, managing to stab through two layers of fabric and still leave an impressionable jab. in a last-ditch attempt to get his mind out of the gutter, jungkook entertains the idea that it's just yoongi's wallet. perhaps his keys.

when he shoots a furtive glance to yoongi's desk, he finds both items resting innocently on top of the oakwood.

in an unfamiliar, strange way...jungkook is almost glad that it's not those. he shocks himself when he stumbles upon the realization that it's *hot as hell* to have yoongi's arousal pressed right up against his ass and before his mind can catch up to his body, his hips have begun a gentle swivel and he angles his head into hoseok's carding and *shit*, he feels so nice. this is so good; he can't help but to moan. and what's the harm, really? just a tiny little sound, it'll barely be heard over the movie—

it is at this moment that the dvd player freezes.

jungkook's moan echoes loudly in the room, the only sound present besides the electronic buffering of the player. of course. of fucking *course* yoongi's shitty player had to freeze yoongi's shitty movie at the exact moment that jungkook loses hold over his *shitty hormones*—

“what was that, kookie?” hoseok asks, voice uncertain, but hands still making their rounds interwoven between his locks. it takes a tremendous amount of effort to gather the courage and open his mouth again, face burning hot and bright with shame, “i just— it. it feels so good, hyung, you’re making my head feel good and yoongi hyung...yoongi hyung—“

“what about yoongi hyung, baby.”

this is the first time he’s said anything since the movie stopped (jungkook shoots a glance to the screen and finds that somebody’s turned it off) and he’s fucking *growling directly into jungkook’s ear*. if he expects jungkook to answer coherently, well. tough luck.

a rough buck of yoongi’s hips up into his ass has him choking on air, eyes fluttering shut as his boyfriend hisses into his ear again. *“hyung asked you a question, jungkook.”*

“i’m making yoongi hyung feel good, too, and that’s—it’s—it’s so—“

hoseok’s tenderness ends abruptly. his head is yanked back by his hair, so suddenly and so brashly that jungkook cannot help but let out a whine that is embarrassingly pitiful-sounding, even to his own ears.

“do we have permission to touch you sexually, sweetheart?” yoongi is nosing at his neck, fingers drumming absently at his bare hips where his shirt has ridden up to expose the expanse of skin; even still, his tone remains steady and serious. “we won’t be mad,” hoseok jumps in, “you can say no, you can *always* say no.”

and in this moment, both of his boyfriends wrapped around him like vines intertwining tight and beautiful around a tree, jungkook—not for the first time—feels rather foolish at how nervous he’d been at the beginning of it all. to think that these two, his lovelies, his darlings, his *everything*...to think that he would have anything to worry about while in their care seems like an absurd notion to him now. months of nothing but what felt like floating on air, months of unconditional love and support and trust, months of yoongi and hoseok, hoseok and yoongi, them, us, *we*.

“i want it,” jungkook says, “i want you. if you’ll take me...i’m all yours.”

at this, they both let out a guttural groan. hoseok’s mouth seizes hold of his throat and yoongi slides his mannish hands up the hem of his shirt, groping at his sensitive chest. as soon as a nipple is latched onto

jungkook throws his head back and *whines*, high and heady. “babe,” one of them says, “tell us what you like.” a thumb rubs over his bottom lip and it should scare him how easily his mouth drops open to suck it in. “tell us what’s not okay to do,” another one says.

it takes him a minute to register the questions that are being thrown at him, too wrapped up in the sensations that are enveloping his thoughts at a rate and in a way he’s never felt before. “i—uhm...”

“go on, baby.” that’s definitely yoongi, voice low and distinct and right up against his cheek.

“i don’t like when it’s—when i can’t see anybody, wanna see you guys, “jungkook feels embarrassed at how childish his wording sounds, but hoseok’s reassuring gaze full of honey and summer sun and *home* is what propels him onward. “i. i like it—*hnng*. i like it ruh-rough. and... mean.”

yoongi sucks in a breath. “what else do you like.” it’s not a question.

“it—i like when you guys tell me nice things and—*fuck*—call me p. pre...pretty, ‘n when you treat me all tiny ‘n small, i, i like when i’m your buh-baby,” and jungkook can’t do this he *cannot do this*, not with how yoongi’s rolling his hips up in a smooth rhythm and hoseok is licking and sucking his way up his chest *nope nope nope*, “i like when you tell me i’m yours.”

a groan comes somewhere from his front and *yep*, that’s definitely hoseok, his head full of dark locks popping up from under his shirt and fixing jungkook with eyes dark enough to fall into if he’s not careful. “yeah? you like being our good boy? our pretty little good boy?”

jungkook falls limp in yoongi’s lap and whines so loudly that it should be embarrassing, but he’s a little preoccupied with not ejaculating prematurely to give a shit.

hoseok begins to palm the erection that tents the front of his joggers and just when jungkook thinks that all his senses have been overloaded, that nothing more can break him down even further, yoongi’s hot breath comes *scorching* at the back of his neck, voice like gravel and hot tar mixed into one. “we were awake this morning,” he begins and jungkook, for a split second, wonders what he means because *of course they were all awake this morning* but then. then it hits him and *oh holy fuck*—“i felt your cute little cock against my thigh and hobi said it was a miracle you didn’t make him come with all that

squirming, isn't that right, hobi-hobi?"

he doesn't know what he expected. probably for hoseok to growl and agree. probably for hoseok to grip him by the jaw and call him nasty and filthy and every other name jungkook wants—*needs* to hear. for hoseok to be just as domineering (if not more) as yoongi; but instead he nods, flushed almost as deeply as jungkook, mouth dropped open and needy and waiting and oh, fuck, that shouldn't be as hot as it is.

"hobi-hobi, go and show kookie how we treat good boys." hoseok is *taking orders fuck fuck fuck* and slipping off the couch, sweatpants-clad knees hitting the carpet and elegantly long hands sliding up jungkook's thighs and oh *hell* he hopes this isn't what he thinks this is because he will come on the spot. untouched. (it's not the first time with these two.)

his pants are being slid down his hips and he has to lift his ass up off yoongi's lap to get them all the way down, settling back onto yoongi only to realize just how...*well-endowed* his boyfriend is. he tries not to drool. now that he knows just what yoongi's packing it makes his—*special parts* jerk up even more prominently, now that he's got the mental image of yoongi slicking himself up, yoongi fucking into him, yoongi fucking into hoseok *yoongi fucking into hoseok*—

"SHIT!"

jungkook is ripped violently out of his own head. hoseok looks up with innocent eyes from where he kneels in front of him, mouth enclosed over his clothed crotch, smirking as much as he can. his lips and tongue and mouth and *him* aren't even on jungkook's bare self yet and he is already descending into shambles.

and if that wasn't enough, yoongi decides to open his mouth again.

"yeah, angel? you like when hobi-hobi treats you good? god, you're so fuckin' tiny, sweet boy, seokie doesn't even need to open his mouth all the way. do you, seokie?"

hoseok pops off and shakes his head, replacing his tongue with kneading fingers. *jesus. god. it's so good, so so so so so good*, yoongi is right, jungkook has always been...below average. considerably below average.

alright, he was tiny as *fuck*.

he'd never had a complex about it, though. it just makes his...private

time even better, the sensitivity is heightened, even the effort exerted is minimized; all he needs is to rub himself in circles, doesn't even need to take his briefs off, he barely needs more than two fingers to have him coming in his underwear from just a few gyrations. it makes him feel so—so small. and tiny and pretty and good and, christ. christ, he's gonna come and it's been, what, barely ten minutes?

“off,” growls yoongi, catching on, “get off him, sweetheart, we aren't done just yet.” and jungkook *writhes* in his lap, pushing his ass against his bulge and grinding down like he's trying to smother it. he's not above begging, he's not above being a. a. a sl—he's not above being *dirty* to get what he wants and he's almost sure that yoongi will give in, but the hands that clamp down firm and painful around his waist make him want to weep in frustration.

hoseok kisses his cheek. “we heard you in the bathroom today, kookie, you think we couldn't? angel, the whole *cul de sac* probably knew what you were doing, naughty boy.”

jungkook has died. jungkook has died and gone to gay heaven.

“tell hyung what you did, honey, it's okay, tell us,” but how can hoseok expect jungkook to answer when he's rubbing his sensitive area with the entire flat of his palm oh god that's so. it feels so. so overwhelmingly *good* and *right* and *i'm going to come, i'm gonna come*,

he is startled when hoseok's fingers are forcefully backhanded away and suddenly his entire world is shifting and spinning on its axis, only righting itself when he's face-to-face with yoongi's no-nonsense, set jaw.

fuck.

kerosene has been doused all over his person, it drips down in rivulets of perspiration that slither like snakes on his temples, it leaks from the corners of his mouth in saliva that he's too far gone to contain behind his lips, and it brews, stinging and promising, in the unshed tears he holds valiantly behind his lashes.

jungkook tries to avert his gaze, shy at so much undivided attention, but he's caught off guard when his face is *grabbed*—there's no other way to put it—and forced forwards, yoongi's hand holding his head in place by the bone of his jaw.

the match has been flicked onto him, transferred from just the tips of yoongi's fingers. jungkook shudders as he feels unforgiving, hellish

flames run up and down and all around the expanse of his body and it *hurts oh god it hurts* but the pain only invigorates him further, only pushes his hips down harder and only pushes the mewls out louder and higher.

“hyung asked you a question, jungkook. be a good boy and answer.”

there is no room for disobedience. perhaps, at another time, at another date, when they’re practiced and familiar with each other’s bodies inside and out and jungkook can take the leap into defiance that would surely earn him a fate that makes a cold shudder jolt down his spine just at the thought.

today is not that day, however.

jungkook is a good boy. jungkook answers. -“i...at-at first i only put my hands duh-down there but then i s..started thinkin’ about hoseokie hyung this morning and how he was-how he was *hard* against me ‘n’ then. then how yoongi hyung p-pushed his thigh right on myyy-on me n i couldn’t just jerk off anymore ‘nd i found some ...lube ‘nd-and-“

“and *what*, sweetheart.” the tone of endearment does nothing to sugarcoat yoongi’s downright *mean* tone. it sends a wave of arousal down from jungkook’s head and through his stomach, right in the pit of his gut to trickle down like acid into his *area*.

“n then i used my fingers to...”

jungkook can’t. he. he cannot physically bring himself to say the words, those filthy, filthy words, he can only helplessly grind down on his boyfriend as he pleads mercy.

luckily, yoongi is feeling generous. “you used these dirty little fingers and put them up your ass, huh? fucked yourself good and hard with how many, sweet thing?”

“fuh-four...” it’s all jungkook can do to whimper out a response, barely hanging onto his sanity by a string of thread.

“*christ*,” yoongi throws his head back and groans, “you and hoseok ‘re both gonna kill me. my filthy little sluts, *god*.”

several things happen within the next few seconds.

both he and hoseok *wail* at yoongi’s words, someone scoots him over onto just yoongi’s left thigh while hoseok straddles the right, a large

hand comes down and smacks his ass into motion, grinding against the thigh that quivers under him, and his hands are joining another pair in undoing yoongi's belt. "fuck yeah," he breathes, his right hand carding through hoseok's bangs as the other gropes jungkook's ass, "so good for hyung. the both of you, so good for me, my good boys, all mine."

"hyung," both he and hoseok whine at the same time. they're too far gone to have any shame, rutting down on yoongi's thighs and hands working at his shaft, fingers bumping and overlapping and brushing as they stroke up and down together.

jungkook's front is suddenly palmed and it makes him lower his head as embarrassment paints his neck an angry pink. "what's this, kookie?" yoongi croons, just to be evil, "tell me what this is."

"i-i duh-don't—"

"tell yoongi-hyung what belongs to him."

he is tired. tired of feeling shy, tired of being afraid to indulge in the fantasies he's been suffering through for months now. he is tired of being a slave to his nerves, and he is tired of pretending that he has something to be ashamed of.

craving the ones he loves is *nothing* to be ashamed of.

"my cock," jungkook chokes out, moving his hands faster over yoongi's dick and fuck, he's coming, he's coming, "my c. my cock, hyung, it's yours, i'm all yours,"

hoseok groans, loud and high, one hand reaching out to latch between jungkook's, and they both slump forward against yoongi's chest as he ejaculates onto their fingers with a growl.

it takes a moment to come back down to earth; jungkook's head feels heavy, his mouth is dry, and his thighs are sore, but the sight of hoseok's sleepy grin and the feeling of yoongi's lips against the crown of his head make the burn that roots itself into his muscles worth it. cuddling there with his boyfriends, even though they're all covered in semen (and can't really differentiate who's is who's), feels like home. their ragged breathing feels like home and their arms that encase him feel like home and jungkook is suddenly overwhelmed with a wave crashing onto his shores that tastes a bit too much like love.

it's only been a couple months, he tries to remind himself as he settles

deeper into his boyfriends' web of limbs, *just a couple mon...*

(when they all wake up, yoongi's sprawled on the couch, hoseok's laying on top, and jungkook is squished in between. the first one to rouse is yoongi, who grouses at how much pressure he's under and *jesus christ get off heavy fuckers*. unceremoniously, the both of them are pushed off onto the carpet, and hoseok is the second to wake. he bursts out of slumber swinging, with a slew of expletives that make even *yoongi* flush. jungkook is awoken by the commotion of his boyfriends swearing like sailors and he can't stop the furrow of his brows melting like chocolate into a gooey, sappy smile.

they are loud, and embarrassing, and idiots, but they are *his* loud and embarrassing idiots.

after everyone is done bickering, they all belatedly realize that sticky underwear is kind of gross. "shower?" yoongi suggests, and hoseok nods, looking like he's getting ready to suggest who goes when, but then jungkook snatches up both of their hands and winks.

"together?")

End Notes

thanks for reading! come find me on twitter, @boythott <3

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